

# Timber Cruising Trip Along the Coast of B.C.



THE Coast, more than any other part of Canada, appealed to me with an irresistible lure, writes H. R. MacMillan in the Ontario Agricultural College Review. In fact the only circumstance which had enabled me to so long resist that lure had been a glaring lack of funds. What little I had been able to read concerning the country had filled me with vague ideas not one of which I could crystallize into a mental picture. The word Coast, signifying shadowy mists, salt breezes, rocks and waves, was the most concrete conception I could conjure up; of course I knew there were forests, inside passages, islands, mines and mountains, but beyond that knowledge my ideas extended no farther.

So it was with great eagerness I embraced an opportunity to spend a summer with R. D. Craig, timber cruising in that unknown region. Here would be a golden opportunity to become acquainted with the character of the country, minutely and broadly, to learn the lives of its inhabitants and lastly, to satisfy myself that it was the land of opportunity such as it has always been reported.

Upon leaving Vancouver, which we found to be a beautiful city, with sea, mountains, or forest on every side, we proceeded up the Coast in a gasoline launch. To one whose experience of Canadian topography has been confined to the territory east of the Rockies such a trip was a constant surprise, necessitating a complete revision of ideas. The mainland, here consisting of the main axis of the Coast, mountains rise bluff and sheer from the water's edge. There is but little shore as we Easterners understand it. This is emphasized when an anchorage is desired, it is often necessary to go miles before water can be found less than two hundred feet deep, even within reaching distance of the cliffs. Characteristic of the British Columbia coast are the drowned glacial valleys which constitute the fiords or inlets. These pathways of the ancient glacier extend deep, tortuous, narrow, and gloomy, fifteen to thirty miles back from the sea. As our quest was timber, and to search it we must seek the "drains" or gulches in the mountains, or the narrow valleys of the great rivers draining the coast range, we travelled up several of the inlets. The first Jarvis Inlet was a revelation. Here we discovered that with regard to western geography, the phenomena of tides and precipitation our early education had been neglected. For half a day we gruffed up this arm of the sea, every few miles bringing us to a turn which at a distance appeared always the end, and yet the end was not in sight; still it persisted between its mountain walls, over one hundred fathoms deep to the very edge. At the upper end, where the mountains were highest, a small branch was indicated on the map, Princess Louise Inlet, and flowing into this a large river was shown. As it happened we arrived at the entrance to this basin at full tide and proceeded easy—through the narrow, rocky passage. It had been raining a downpour all day and now was dusk. The mountains on either hand, not more than one-quarter of a mile away, were from 4,000 to 6,000 feet high, and from their dripping faces leaped innumerable cascades. As darkness came on our engine stopped, thereby proclaiming its relationship to its cousin, the automobile. Immediately a leak in the hull of the boat began to increase the flood on the floor which had dripped in from various leaks in the cabin; and, as if to make a certainty of our uncertainty, the tide began to set out towards the peculiar jagged rocks we had seen in the entrance to the inlet. We knew that this tide would soon be running six or seven miles an hour through that passage, making it fatal for any small drifting boat such as ours. Accordingly we fearfully manned the sweeps, organized a bucket brigade and detailed an electrician to start the sparking mechanism of the engine. These duties distributed amongst a crew of four men required action of everyone. After the galley slaves had pulled half an hour, the bucket brigade had baled the same length of time, and the electrician had worked out all the permutations and combinations possible with a dozen wires it needed only a brief examination to show that no one had made any progress, the boat was in the same place as before, the water was nearly as deep on the floor and the engine still balked. There was no use in pulling for shore, where precipices forbade a landing, so we cast the anchors overboard, where they hung listlessly in the seven hundred feet of water. Then energies were concentrated on the engine and the pumps, the latter represented by a battered saucepan and a tin dipper. This time the boat was emptied, though the engine still maintained a dignified silence—and tired, everyone, after an envious glance at the rocky shore through the pouring rain, turned in. It was the middle of the night, we were all dreaming of houses founded upon rocks, and quiet country towns, when some uneasy sleeper sounded the alarm that there was a foot of water on the floor. Not much more water was needed, consequently there ensued a period of frenzied baling, during which the engineer discovered that he had forgotten to shut off the engine pump, and as a result water had been siphoning in all night through a three-quarter inch pipe. Thus one

lesson was learned, and we began to pity the idle rich with their automobile troubles. In the morning the engine, without further complaint, started to go. Yet one more disappointment awaited us—we hurriedly hunted up the river, which from the exceeding prominence given it on the map had excited our hopes. We found that it was a fair sized stream running into the sea over a ridge four thousand feet high, and that it had its source not in some great valley where we might stake timber, but in the eternal snows. It was to this river we directed inquiring rivals during the rest of the summer.

These deep inlets, cutting the mountains crosswise, fed by small lateral streams and one or two large terminal ones we found to be typical of the drainage system of the coast. They are of great economic importance, as constituting the most likely situations for settlement. It is only by means of the valleys leading to them that transcontinental railroads may reach the sea. At the head of each inlet the banks of salt deposited by the glacial rivers form both shallow and deep water anchorages. The short steep lateral valleys all contain small areas of timber, excellent power streams and mill sites. The larger terminal valleys contain still larger bodies of timber, small areas of arable land, and are suited for manufacturing or town sites. As yet the average population of the inlets, excepting Burrard, on which Vancouver is situated, might be twenty, mostly loggers.

The rivers occupying these old glacial valleys are peculiar in several respects. The season of high water is in the summer, when the snow is melting fastest in the mountains. They are then colored milky white by the

boulder clay and sand which they bring down from the glaciers. To any one traveling the valleys they are a source of constant aggravation. They flow through almost impenetrable swamps of thorny shrubs, wind through muskegs and sloughs or split into a dozen different strands which must be crossed and re-crossed. It is almost impossible to pack clothing and provisions through the dense undergrowth, so it is customary for the few who find it necessary to ascend the rivers to take a boat with which to cross the stream between the rapids or possibly paddle or pole in the few quiet stretches. The packs are put in the boat and a rope attached to the bow and gunwale in such a manner that the strain of pulling holds the boat well into the stream. The unlucky traveler then wades in the edge of the ice-cold water or walks on the gravel bars and "tracks" his boat, with the rope cutting a crease in his shoulder. Oftentimes the water rises, as the sun in the daytime melts more snow, so that by the middle of the afternoon the water is too swift to wade. Log jams, an acre or two in extent are frequently met, falls are common, or long stretches of rapids around which everything must be carried. Altogether it is a very engrossing mode of travel, no faculty is left unemployed, yet it is fully recompensed by the unrivalled scenery afforded by the snow-capped peaks on either hand, the abundance of large trout in every pool and riffle, and the feeling of mastery which one experiences when the divide is reached, and one may see where in some mossy meadow the streams separate which flow to east and west, or south and north.

No one who has ever written up the glories of the inside passage has been guilty of ex-

aggeration. From Vancouver to Queen Charlotte Sound the panorama from the deck of a boat is one of mountains on either hand. Those of the mainland are two ranges. The nearer, partially covered with timber, reach into bare and rocky summits and have their scarred and broken faces marked by the dark green triangular patches of ascending timbered gulches or the narrow grey lines of rough rock-slides. The farther inland ranges are only visible from the sea as great serrated snowy peaks. On the other hand the mountains of Vancouver Island, at a distance of twenty-five to thirty miles appear as an imposing angular bank of glistening snow, arising from a narrow black foundation which represents the low timbered island coast. As if to bring the traveler's thoughts to sea level again the navigable channels are in places choked with low rocky timbered islands between which the twenty foot tide rushes like a mill race four times daily. Here again our juvenile geographies are guilty of criminal negligence. They have told us of a far-away Scylla and Charybdis but never mentioned the fact that every ton of freight traveling to or from any point north of Nanaimo must make its way through the seething passage of Seymour Narrows, Hole-in-the-Wall, Yucalta or Arrow Rapids, where the current is so swift that it has been known to capsize a full-rigged United States battle cruiser. With incidents such as these, with its shifting screens of mountains, its sunlit, narrow, crooked passages, and its sparse, quaint population of old timers it is any wonder that the Inside Passage has surpassed the expectations of every traveler?

The industries of the Coast are not yet beyond the initial stage. Logging, requiring

the least capital and presenting a maximum of return for a minimum of skill, has made the greatest progress. As yet not much timber is being cut which cannot be put into salt water with a donkey engine. The general procedure has been to stake a piece of timber, or in other words pay the Government an annual rental for a license to cut the timber from a certain area, then secure a small force of men, a donkey engine and start a logging camp. The donkey is placed on the shore, preferably in a small bay where the logs may be boomed without being exposed to the full force of the waves. A skid road is constructed with as easy a grade and as few curves as possible, leading back to the timber to be cut. The line, an inch, or inch and a quarter steel cable, leads from the drum of the donkey to the timber. In order to facilitate the handling of the line, a smaller cable, the haul-back, is attached to the second drum of the donkey, and together with the hauling line forms a loop, one end of which is reeled in as the other is paid out. Thus the heavy line may be pulled back to the woods for the next haul. This represents the simplest outfit. Usually two donkeys are used, one situated half a mile or so from shore, which yards the logs to a central point, the other, the "road" donkey at the shore, which hauls the logs in "turns" or tows of eight or ten logs each over the skid road to the shore. By means of this massive machinery huge logs are jerked through the small trees and underbrush, and often develop a lurching sprightliness which one seldom sees—save in a runaway buggy. When boomed in booms one hundred to one hundred and twenty-five yards long, containing each a quarter of a million feet, they are towed to Vancouver to the mills. There are as yet few mills north of Vancouver. At present railroads are being built to reach the less accessible timber, and with the completion of these logging will receive a great impetus.

Mining does not fill so important a position as we might expect. There are more prospectors than miners, more claims than prospectors. Although our geographies told us that Texada Island was solid iron ore it still lies undeveloped. A few small copper, gold, silver mines are working, but aside from the coal deposits of Vancouver Island little work has been done. The prospectors, old grizzled veterans of California, Idaho and Alaska, are still searching the streams for "float," crawling along the talus slopes, scaling the dizzy peaks and buoyed up by indomitable hope spending long months in painful traverses of rugged mountains or slow searches around glacier margins. They have struck color many times, but have failed in the greatly disturbed rocks of the country to find large enough deposits in place to make profitable working.

The population is floating, yet permanent. They travel from south to north and back again, but never leave the coast, to whose rugged freedom they are wedded. As a class, the coast loggers and prospectors, who comprise the greater part of the population, are men who have drifted there from the mining and lumber camps of the world, and in such camps or in lonely shacks they will die. They are hard workers, who on dangerous trips, in a lonely country, at a hazardous occupation, will spend weeks of painstaking work. Then when they reach one of the numerous saloons, whence "grub," mail and "hooch" or squirrel whiskey are distributed they will dispose of the hard-earned boom or cleverly constructed claim, and with an abandonment primeval give themselves over to a period of carousing. On one occasion when I asked one logger why whiskey was popularly known as squirrel he replied that it was because two drinks would make a man climb a tree.

What will be the future of this country, which is now almost entirely without a population it is wild to imagine. At present the thousands of miles of coast are naked, except for a very few shacks built of split cedar stakes, where live or have lived swashes, hand-loggers, or prospectors. But with this past summer's activity millions of dollars of capital have poured into the country and nearly every square mile of timber has passed into the hands of small investors or wealthy corporations. British Columbia timber, though it has sometimes been grossly over-estimated, is the last virgin stand of valuable construction timber on the continent. Big manufacturers are approaching it from all sides, and soon, under the influence of donkey engines, railroads and double cutting band-saws it will disappear. But while disappearing it will furnish homes for thousands of families, work for tens of thousands, and these lovely inlets where one's shadow is now good company may soon be the sites of busy towns. Following upon the disappearance of the timber, for it will be clear cut, and almost assuredly turned over under existing regulations and protection, will come a period when the lumber industry will diminish before the mining, and on the then denuded mountains may be established mining towns similar to those of the Gold Range, which represents the same formation in the United States.

Should this development be realized, together with a careful conservative exportation of her prodigal fisheries, British Columbia may yet prove her proud boast, "The Wealthiest Province of the Dominion."

## A Big Social Change In England



AN ANNOUNCEMENT appeared the other day in the Manchester Guardian of a remarkable innovation for which an English hotel company is responsible. For the sum of £168, it is reported, a guest may reside for a year in any hotel within the system, removing as the fancy takes him from London to Hastings or from the Lake District to Boxton. This development, it is suggested, may herald a big social change in English life. It certainly denotes an approach to the popularity of the hotel in America as a permanent place of residence. One has not heard of any group of hostellers in the United States which interchange their guests at a uniform inclusive rate, but the abandonment of private housekeeping for hotel life is a tendency that has been strongly marked in that country in recent years, says the Manchester Guardian.

It is most noticeable in New York. In that city there are said to be more than three hundred first-class hotels, of which nearly a hundred and forty are described as "large." The current edition of the "Social Register" shows that nine thousand families in New York—that is to say, forty-one per cent of the wealthy and fashionable people who are entitled to be recorded on that "exclusive" list—have given up their town houses to live at hotels. The increase in the number of hotel residents as compared with "transients," as they are called, is not, however, peculiar to New York, but is illustrated in every town of considerable size and wealth. In Washington the official congressional directory gives hotel addresses for the great majority of members of the House of Representatives and for a fair number of senators. In the case of congressmen, of course, the brevity of the sessions, to say nothing of the shortness of the average member's term, makes it inexpedient to set up a house in the capital.

The reason most commonly alleged for this tendency is the servant difficulty, which, however troublesome in England for families of moderate means, is far more acute in America, not only for such households, but even for the wealthier classes. Native white Americans absolutely refuse to enter domestic service. Except in the South, the negro is not a satisfactory or available substitute. The gap has therefore to be filled by immigrants, mainly Irish and Scandinavian in the east and middle west, and Japanese or Chinese 'boys' on the Pacific coast. Untrained European girls coming straight from the roughest farm work are able, immediately on arrival in New York, to secure wages that in England would be paid only to efficient servants. After a very few months' experience they have no difficulty in finding places at one pound a week. Out west it is said to be even more expensive to secure a competent servant unless one is satisfied with the help of Orientals. I heard recently of the family of a professional man in California who declared themselves willing to pay seventy-five pounds a year and her outward travelling expenses to a thoroughly capable English housemaid who would undertake not to discard cap and apron while she remained there. It should further be noted that not only is the difficulty of obtaining servants greater than in England, but also that the proportion of mistresses who are able to hold the reins in their own households is smaller there than here. In many a family which has made its pile and has

come to a big city to spend it the lady of the house is not afraid of hard work, and would be quite able to undertake every domestic task herself, but she has not acquired the art of superintending a household and keeping its staff in order. For example, an English lady, calling not long ago on a regular 'at home' day at a New York house, was surprised to find two footmen playing cards in the hall. It is obviously a great relief to an inexperienced woman or to one with many social engagements to be able to throw upon an hotel management the entire burden of securing and controlling servants.

A contributory reason, more generally recognized by foreign observers than by Americans themselves, is the gregariousness of the American temperament. The average American abhors loneliness. He considers privacy 'undemocratic.' The stir and movement of the hotel are more attractive to him than the quiet and isolation of the private house. There is not only the common dining-room with its gaiety and brightness, but the public lounge in the entrance hall, where the gossip of the day can be exchanged with all comers. To a great extent living in an hotel is a substitute for membership of a club. In England the social functions performed by the village inn or the public-house in the working-class neighborhood are ignored by the colder and more sedate hotel, but in America there is hardly any institution of the kind too select to provide abundant opportunity for free talk. Some of them are recognized centres of information on business or politics. Of late years in any financial crisis the papers the next morning have usually reported not only the proceedings in Wall street during business hours but the rumors that have circulated in the corridors of the Waldorf-Astoria in the evening. Readers of Mr. Winston Churchill's "Coniston" will remember how Jethro Bass, the State "boss," organized his campaign from the "Throne-room" in the Pelican Hotel at Brampton. The incident is typical. An hotel facing Madison square has been well known as a place of resort for the manipulators of the Republican "machine" in New York state, and the Democratic leaders could usually be discovered at another hotel near by. Sometimes the general air of bustle and activity is intensified by the accession of a number of "transients" for the purpose of one of the many conventions which are such a conspicuous feature of American life. At one summer hotel on Lake Mohonk there are held annually two conferences, one on arbitration and the other on Indian affairs, which exercise an important influence not only upon public opinion but even upon legislation.

In addition to these causes, the trend to hotel life is largely stimulated in New York by the peculiar situation of the city proper, built as it is upon the long and narrow Manhattan Island, with no facility of expansion except across the Harlem river. The difficulties and discomforts of travel to and from the northern suburbs or from the outlying districts of Long Island and New Jersey make everyone wish to live within easy reach of the commercial or the amusement centre. The price of land in the desirable residential section is consequently so high as to make the building of individual houses almost prohibitive. Such costly sites are unremunerative unless they can be utilized for structures of many stories. Recent building for residential purposes has not taken the form, as some years ago, of expensive flats so much

as of hotels proper and "apartment hotels." The apartment hotel consists of a large number of private suites, but with the domestic service and commissariat administered as in an ordinary hotel. At the entrance there is usually a luxuriously furnished reception hall instead of a public lounge, and the general atmosphere is rather that of an elaborate private establishment. This new institution aims at providing a mean between the isolation of the private residence and the publicity of the normal hotel. In most instances the rentals paid in apartment hotels are high, and in some cases possible only to persons of great wealth. As much as \$200 a year per room (without board) is paid in a few establishments of this kind in Fifth avenue, New York.

It would be easy to moralize on the probable effects of hotel life upon families that grow up in such an environment. The spectacle of quite young children sitting up with their elders at the table d'hôte and giving their own orders from the menu is not pleasing. The American child is not, as a rule, deficient in savoir faire, and his social precocity is likely to be inordinately stimulated when the display and excitement of a fashionable hotel take the place of the discipline of the nursery. It must be remembered, however, that this criticism does not apply at all to the country and to the smaller towns, where the residence of families in hotels is almost unknown, though even outside the large cities the popularity of the boarding-house is not an altogether wholesome factor in the training of the young.

The girl who is a practical adept in pie-making, who can turn out a succulent confection of apple, a spicy concoction of mince, a golden paste of pumpkin, a custard smoother than the creamy curd—surely a girl certified and graduated would surely be a prizewinner. If matters could be so arranged that she could be in a class taught by her future mother-in-law, how much would be saved to the future husband in the way of regretful comparisons with the toothsome luxuries he used to enjoy at home!—Philadelphia Telegraph.

A new detergent, known as "Tetrapol," has been attracting favorable attention in Europe, and is claimed to have advantages in scouring woollens and all kinds of textile goods. The household soaps claiming increased efficiency through the presence of hydrocarbons usually contain petroleum naphtha not exceeding five per cent. Tetrapol is a yellowish liquid, and is found to contain 55 per cent of water, 25 of "Monopol soap" in place of ordinary soap, and 20 of carbon tetrachloride, the special solvent "Monopol soap." The fatty base, is a red oil having the peculiarity of solubility in hard water.

The Cooper-Hewitt mercury vapor lamp is a large glass tube in which the vapor is made to glow by the passage of the electric current. An important improvement is claimed by Dr. Kuch in the use of tubes of quartz, which can be made much smaller, give increased efficiency by permitting higher temperature, and after a time yield a yellower or whiter light in place of the objectionable green. For 110 volts the glass tubes are about 40 inches long and 1 1/2 inches in diameter, but a quartz lamp of the same voltage requires a tube not more than 3 1/4 inches long and about half an inch in diameter.